

WAS ONCE A BARTENDER, NOW HE'S A BISHOP

Many years ago a boy slipped across the bar many a schooner of "suds," and poured out many a "pony" for the parched and thirsty throated river men who frequented the tavern bar on the Susquehanna.

The rough frequenters of the bar called him "Mary" because

ting the factory job he turned his attention to the boot blacking industry and a few other jobs of like caliber.

Finally, after learning the candy making trade, he drifted into a railroad office and was made a timekeeper. Some time later one of the old-fashioned Methodist revivals took the town by storm and Eveland was converted.

He took up religious work so zealously that the revivalist suggested he would make a good preacher. Eveland liked this idea, but felt his lack of education. He was barely able to read and write, having quit school when he was 12 years old.

He set in to catch up on his neglected schooling, and entered Pennington seminary, agreeing to do the janitor work for his tuition; and he did odd jobs for his board. He began to preach before he had finished his education and then took regular pastorates, finally going to the Williamsport, Pa., seminary as president.

At the last Methodist general conference he was elected missionary bishop for southern Asia, and he will soon sail for his new field.



Bishop William P. Eveland.

he was so slight and so little like themselves in word or action. In an air reeking with tobacco smoke and river profanity the young "barkeep" was never heard "cussing" and never seen smoking or drinking. His real name was William Perry Eveland.

After a few years of bartending young Eveland moved on to Philadelphia and went to work in a candy factory, but just before get-

—o—o—o—
Goldski (dictating a letter)—
Mr. Dear Mr. Schankelhausen-
heimer—

Miss Keytap—How do you spell that name?

Goldski—S-c-h— Oh, py de vay, I dink you petter pegin der letter "My Dear Sir," undt save de veiar and tear on de machine,